

VOL.
V
NO. 9

Woodwind

WOODWIND

AN
ARTS
PAPER

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FREE

FEBRUARY 19, 1974

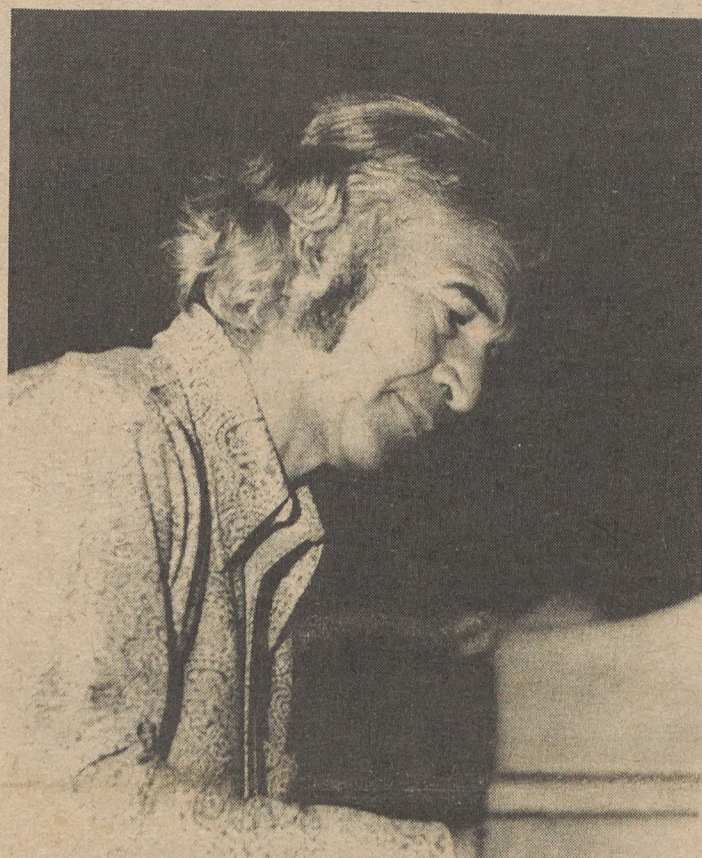
Dave Brubeck

Interview Conducted By Meridith Sykes

In the early part of this month, Dave Brubeck performed at Georgetown University as part of the Gaston Hall Performing Arts Series. The core of his group, "Two Generations of Brubeck," is composed of Dave Brubeck and his three sons, Danny—on drums—Chris—on bass—and Darius on piano.

Besides being one of the great jazz musicians of this century, Brubeck also has an intense interest and concern about the "cultural desert" he feels most Americans are living in. He believes that the slighting of jazz as an important American art form is indicative of a deeper malady in our society, a malady which includes the neglect of most of the humanities by the vast majority of our society.

This interview deals with the attitudes, ideas and personal apprehensions of one of the foremost jazz artists in the world.



Why aren't more young people today, who profess to be interested in complex music, interested in jazz?

Basically, the first thing that comes to my mind is that they're stupid.

Try to be more objective

It's hard to be more objective. . . they don't know why they like what they like. If they knew why they liked a good rock guitar player, then they'd like jazz. The good rock player is good because he's studied jazz and he's listened to jazz. It's like a person driving a car and not knowing anything about the invention of the wheel. Most people, you'd assume, when they get into a car, would know that it wouldn't run unless someone years ago invented the wheel. These people are just non-thinking and uneducated. Not to know the importance of jazz and being an American is almost like not knowing anything.

Do you think that jazz music follows a trend in society and reflects it?

It doesn't follow it, it's ahead of it. If people would listen to the jazz musicians, they could avoid a lot of the trouble. It's always been that way. Jazz has been the barometer of the country. For instance, I wrote a cantata three years ago called "Truth Is Fallen" where we had the National Anthem out of tune. And staunch American people would walk out. Now they don't walk out and it's the same staunch American people. Because three years ago, I knew largely what was going on.

What about Christianity?

The Average doesn't really know the core of anything, even if he's a so-called "educated person." If you're a true Christian in this country, the core of Christianity is "Love your enemy, do good to those who hate you." Now if you search real hard, you can find that in the old testament. The average person goes to church every Sunday and if you told him this, he'd run you

out of the church. It's the same thing with what is supposed to be our government, the equality of man. Really, when have we had it? And this is supposed to be the core of our government. People are just going around with blinders on.

In terms of what?

In terms of classical music, in terms of poetry, the theatre, ballet, history, philosophy, in terms of English and in terms of almost anything that's important.

Why? Are we ignoring these humanistic elements?

I'll tell you, we're in big trouble. People do not know how to get an education.

How would you suggest we get an education?

I'll give you a good example. I played a free concert in Detroit. There were three concerts and the first two were paid; the last one was free. The first two were mobbed and the third—which was bought by Walter Reuther to give to the people. Nobody came. Those who did come, laughed. It was mostly an audience of underprivileged people. They had never heard an operatic voice before, never seen a conductor. The teacher came up to me and said, "You'll have to excuse them for laughing. They've never seen them before. They lived three blocks from the hall and no one had ever taken them before. My mother took me a hundred miles when I was growing up.

I'll tell you something. . . right in the heart of the major cities of the United States, these kids are not being educated. There are certain cities, like Cincinnati, where every Saturday the Symphony plays to busloads of kids. There are certain cities, but very few, where they're really doing something. Now you ask me why jazz isn't important? I'll tell you, nothing is important. We're living in a cultural desert.

Perhaps it depends on how culture is presented to them. . .

You know what people are doing, they're living in a box—and they think they're so hip. But it's not hopeless because the audiences I do play to at colleges have been some of the best. But they're such a small minority. I don't have any problems, believe me. I can play all over the world for the rest of my life and there'll still be people there to listen, thank goodness, but that's such a small number of people. There're other friends of mine who are starving. I just happened to put together the right combination. I spent many years where I didn't have an audience, until I was about 35. I know what it's like. This culture is having a heck of a time surviving. That's the point I'm trying to make. In Europe, where they'll go for rock as much as they will here, they don't throw away the classics because in their education they learn to appreciate all the arts. When the next pop phase comes along, they'll appreciate it like you're supposed to, but they don't throw everything else away. Our kids here don't know anything but the Top 40 of this year and then when they're older, they'll have a span of what was popular when they were young.

Why is your attitude so somber?

I'm giving you something that I never do, and that's a negative response. You're right in the heart of what I know is happening to this country and I want to see someone do something about it.

I'm giving you the chance.

You'd be surprised at the great artists that are recognized in Europe and are ignored here.

There are not too many women involved in jazz. . . why is this?

With Women's Lib around, it's hard for me to say what I believe, but it's a

very masculine art form. I don't know how to tell you, but all the guys I've known who've played have been pretty rugged guys. For instance, Miles Davis. . . three of the guys in his group have been in the ring, and Miles himself works out in the gym every day. Don't let his size fool you, he can really take care of himself.

People don't realize how physical jazz musicians are.

But I've known some great women musicians. Two of my favorite pianists are women. . . Marion McPartland and Cleo Brown. Anything I've told you shouldn't have anything to do with it, but I do think jazz is a very physical thing and it doesn't have to stay this way.

Why did you choose jazz instead of classical music?

Well, I've done both. I've recorded four albums with the Cincinnati Symphony. I don't play well enough to qualify, but I write it. I've always loved all kinds of music. I think classical music is the root of all Western and European musics. Jazz is the merger of the African and European music. You can put the emphasis on the African element or on the European. The African rhythm is hundreds of years ahead of anything else, except maybe [Asian] Indian. The beauty of jazz is the merger of two cultures. The merger here in the United States is unique. When the African people went to Brazil you didn't get jazz, you got something else.

What was the San Francisco jazz scene like 20 years ago?

It was great. The top things in the country were all coming out of San Francisco. Without hardly realizing it, we were the spawning ground for a lot of new ideas. Of Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce in comedy. The Kingston Trio was there and the newest thing in pop was Johnny Mathis. We were the new

thing in jazz. You had the feeling that you were living in a city that was spawning a lot of new things.

That's what I like about the city, when it's alive with new ideas and kids are going around to different coffee-houses, not to drink, but to listen. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that Henry Miller and all those people were living right down the coast. I don't know.

Monty Alexander was discussing the negative stereotype that jazz musicians are associated with. . .

To me, if you ask me who was the greatest American genius, I'd say Art Tatum. . .

So would he. . .

Most people don't know who we're talking about, so what is this image? It's an image of the people who have contributed more to the culture and good name of this country. . . you name me one man who was as important to this country as Louis Armstrong . . . who would you name? The last guy was Will Rogers. He was my hero and my father's hero and the next guy was Louis Armstrong. There's nothing wrong with the image, it's a good image.

I'm talking about the elitist image. . .

Like Louis Armstrong used to say, "Their minds would blow up." 'Tis this lady asked Louis what he thought about when he played and he told her, "If I told you, your mind would blow up." You've got to have some brains. You've got to have some life experience.

The Average is not into anything very deep: the golf club, the country club, the top TV shows and the Top 40. How do you expect them to be deep? I don't consider myself a well-educated person, but I'm going to keep studying and that's the point. I'm going to

BRUBECK continued on Page 11

Woodwind

1318 35th STREET, N.W. WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007
(202) 965-9650



VOLUME V, NUMBER 9

Publisher
Mike Schreibman
Coordinating Editor
John F. Burgess
Art
David Tannous
Books
John F. Burgess
Calendar
Joan Colombo

Films
Nelson Adams
In Your Own Backyard
Clover Holcomb
Photography
Patti Pearson
Poetry
Deirdre Baldwin
Records
Bruce Rosenstein

Founder
Richard Harrington

Ace Reporters
Kirk Cheftiz, Bill Holland, Bonnie Newlon, Ruth Stenstrom, Garvin Walsh
Stephen Allen Whealton

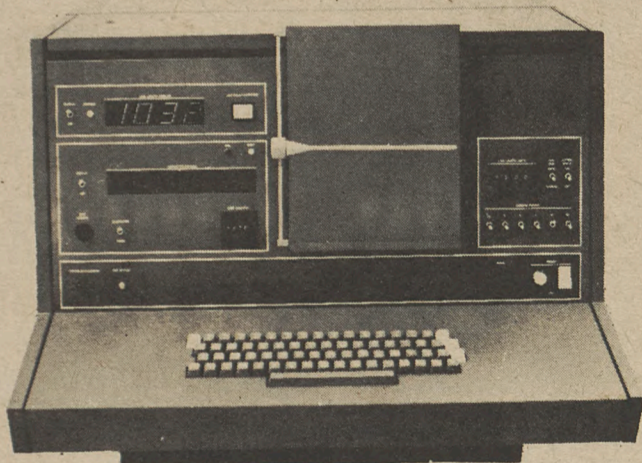
Advertising
Mike Schreibman, Denise Sines, Garvin Walsh

CONTRIBUTORS
Allen Appel, Christine Bergaust, Marvin Caplan, Susan Kaller,
W. Lomax-Karolyi, Marc Leepson, Vincent Russomanno,
Paul Scaramazza, Perry Schwartz, Meredith Sykes, Judith Willis

Yearly subscriptions are available at: *\$6.00 newspaper rate *\$8.00 first class *\$9.00 airmail
Woodwind welcomes contributions of all sorts. We're particularly interested in feature articles and short fiction. Although we accept poetry, we have an enormous backlog. All articles are accepted on the basis of their own merits, not on the credits or reputation of the author. Materials submitted to Woodwind should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope, if you ever want them back.

Copyright © 1974, Woodwind Publishing Company

TYPE-SETTING



**Fast,
Reliable,
Below Reasonable
Rates.**

Woodwind

965-9650

IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD

Edited by Clover Holcomb

TIME AND PLACE: The impact of local traditions on artists and the question of artistic diversity in the Pacific Northeast will be the subject of a free, illustrated lecture by Joshua C. Taylor. Forty-five artist will be featured, including Mark Tobey, Morris Graves, C.S. Price and Kenneth Callahan. February 28th at 12:30pm, NCFA, a division of the Smithsonian Institute, 9th St., between F & G Sts.

MILLER FOR A DAY: People, 10-12 years old, can be a miller's helper for a day and experience the life of a 19th Century apprentice. Programs are scheduled for 2-hour periods from noon to 2:00 pm, 2:00 pm to 4:00 pm, every Saturday at Pierce Mill, Tilden St. and Beach Drive in Rock Creek Park. Call 426-6908.

WOMEN IN LITERATURE: A seminar on women in fiction, with special attention to Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, Anais Nin, Virginia Wolff, D.H. Lawrence and Sylvia Plath will be held by Mary Crouch of the University of Virginia. Classes will run for eight weeks and the tuition if \$12.00. Call 528-4623.

PASSIONATE PEARS: Three tales from the *Decameron*, singing, juggling, mead, wine, cheese, hot bread and fruit will be offered by Pear Tree Productions. "What's a Woman to

Do?" "The Apothecary's Daughter," and "The Devil Goes to Hell" will be performed Friday and Saturdays through April 13th. For reservations call 293-7898 between 3:00 and 9:00 pm.

RUSSIANS: A documentary concerning the problems of the Russian artist who tries to reach his audience, *The Crime of Josef Brodsky*. The drama is based on the trial of a Russian-Jew poet arrested for being a "social parasite." Broadcasted Monday, February 25th, 7:00 pm on WAMU-FM, 88.5

THE SEALED BEAM: A half-hour show which will air the mistakes broadcast Coast-to-Coast by Lowell Thomas, Tony Marvin and Ford Bond, February 27th, 10:30 pm, WAMU-FM 88.5.

DESIGNS: The government's role in environmental design will be discussed by Michael Straight, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, 8:00 pm, February 28th at the Renwick Gallery, Pennsylvania Ave. at 17th St., N.W. No admission fee.

THURBER: William Windom will play pieces from *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, *Two Turkey*, *A Couple of Hamburgers*, *Two Dogs* and other Thurber works. At the American Theater, through March 10th. Call 554-3900.

CINDERELLA: presented by the Children's Theater of Arlington, starting February 23rd for three week-ends. At the Thomas Jefferson Community Theater, 125 S. Old Glebe Rd., Arlington. Fifty cents admission.

INTENTIONS: A multi-arts environment by Stephen Allen Whealton intends "to evoke an other-worldly environment to be experienced and enjoyed" at the Janus 1, midnight, March 8th and 9th, 1660 Connecticut Ave., N.W. \$3.00 admission.

RAIMANDRIANA GALLERY: Features wild flowers worked into cactus parchment by artists of the Malagasy Republic (Madagascar). 1531 33rd St., N.W. 338-0155.

CHARLES IVES & THE TRANSCENDENTAL SOUL: the poly-tonal technique of American composer Charles Ives will be the subject of a lecture by Carl Bode. March 2nd at 3:00 pm, Tawes Recital Hall, University of Maryland, College Park.



Woodwind regrets the omission of credit to Bob Grieser for his photographs of Bob Dylan on the cover of the last issue.

THE SECOND ANNUAL BOOMER COOLIDGE MEMORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

Last year's photography contest was such a fantastic success (over 1,000 entries!) that Woodwind is quite pleased to announce the kickoff of the all-new, 1974 Second Annual Boomer Coolidge Memorial Photography Contest.

All photographers are eligible to enter the contest, whether they are professional or amateur. The rules are simple:

- 1 There are no categories or divisions for the pictures. Portraits, landscapes, nudes, etc. — anything goes.
- 2 Only black & white photographs, at least 5" x 7" in size are eligible. They may be mounted or unmounted.
- 3 The prints must be "handmade"; no "drugstore" processing. Each print should have your name, address and phone number on the back.
- 4 No more than five photographs may be submitted by any individual.
- 5 The deadline for all entries is March 1, 1974. Nothing will be accepted after this date.

Every reasonable effort will be made to return your pictures if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is included with your entries.

Winning photographs become the property of Woodwind and will be published in an upcoming issue of the paper. They will also be on display at the Washington Gallery of Photography & Your Lab.

Send your finest photographs to:

Boomer Coolidge
Woodwind
1318 35th St., NW
Washington, D.C. 20007

... or better yet, deliver them personally to the Woodwind offices in Georgetown at 1408 Wisconsin Avenue, above the Viscount Records store.
Good Luck!



WESTERN SHIRTS •• TWO FOR \$15
Flannel • Pearl Snaps • Embroidered Roses

at the OLD MEXICO
1410 Wisconsin Avenue
in Georgetown

WHOEVER SHE IS...

Bonnie Newlon is a graduate student of Demography at Georgetown University. Researching the Women's Movement recently, she was confronted with a great many names, groups, and "fronts," but experienced difficulty in getting specific information about any of them. *Whoever She Is* is her response to that difficulty.

In this continuing series of articles, she explores various sources of information and assistance, and tries to present her views on them, as well as giving other women in the area a reliable guide to them. If there are any groups, associations, individuals, etc. which you feel would be of interest to Woodwind readers, please drop us a line, addressed to Ms. Newlon, and she'll try to cover them in future articles.

FOUNDRY ARTISTS

1047 31st Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20007



The Foundry Artists are Carolyn Alper, Molly Bogounoff, Fran Chapman, Corenne Davidov, Edie Hollyday, Ginny Jannotta, Lou Jones, Barbara Kerne, Shirley Koller, Virginia Greenleaf Koch, Margaret Olney McBride, Lolla Schnee, Myrna Smirnoff, Nancy Stratton and Nancy Werlich. They've been associated as an artists' collective for two years—located first in the old Foundry Building near the Georgetown waterfront. When it was closed last year to allow construction around and under it, the women moved their studio to the 31st Street location. Here, most of them have taken a room along the second floor corridor. They are planning to create a gallery in one particularly large room where they will hang a continuous show of their works. In the meantime, the corridor and individual studios are hung with their paintings, etchings, and serigraphs.

In their own words, here is their story.

Who are the "Foundry Artists?"

We're a group of working artists who hope to run a cooperative gallery. We feel there's a high quality to our work. We've chosen each other. We exhibit our work sometimes as individuals, and sometimes as a group.

Does showing as individuals ever cause any hard feelings?

No. We couldn't function as a group if we didn't function as individuals. . . One thing that we've found is very important about our choosing to be a group is the personal contact it allows. . . we find support and stimulation from one another. This is very important.

How did you find one another?

Some of us were students of Gene Davis [a painter who is representative of the Washington Color School]. . . Four of us found the Foundry and began working as a collective. . . In the spring of 1972, many of us attended the Women's Conference in the Visual Arts at the Corcoran, and the group enlarged as a result.

Have any [or all] of you formally studied art—and is this something you continue to do?

Most of us have studied art—some of us continue to.

Do all of you consider this your career—do you paint everyday?

Most of us do—in fact, most of us work seven days a week at painting—although not always here. Some of us have studios, or at least space set aside as studio space, at home. Some of us also teach art every day.

Has it been hard for you to be women artists?

Yes, oh yes. There's an attitude that women artists don't have to make a living, so why take them seriously? The galleries will say they can't tell from looking at a canvas if it's been done by a man or a woman, but oddly enough it always turns out being a man's. . . Someone told me that she found women's art more exciting and more personal, and men's more derivative and a good job of copying what someone else had originated. . . In teaching, I've found administrators reluctant to give you a good position. They want to be convinced your children aren't going to get in the way. There is a discrimination, especially if you have small children.

Has money ever been a problem for the group?

Up to now, we've been able to pay the rent, keep the business end going along with the art. . . We're going to start donating a percentage of our sales to the group to cover costs. At present, we put money in a kitty and draw from it as we need it. . . We're primarily artists and we want the time to devote to our own work.

Those of you who are here today. . . how would you describe your work?

Fran Chapman: I do highly magnified things; primarily insects and small animals, trying to create an abstract aura from real objects.

Lou Jones: I do very large paintings on unprimed canvas; they're an exploration of time.

Margaret Olney McBride: I paint from life, though I'm not a realist.

Ginny Jannotta: I'm exploring pure color, using dots. The canvases project a different visual experience, depending whether you stand close to them or far away.

Barbara Kerne: I work with large areas of color and penetration of form with color.

Nancy Werlich: My paintings are surreal portraits. They have a dreamlike quality. They're my emotions on canvas.

Shirley Koller: Most women don't paint on a grid, or men either. I'm a colorist and lean toward a formal presentation. I'm trying to see if you can create the effect of a curve with a straight line. My work has moved from a primed masonite surface to unprimed canvas. . . and I do etchings, prints and paintings.

Nancy Stratton: Mine are large and they're acrylic. . . and they're from realism. My work is transitional; I think it always has been and I hope it always will be. I hope I continue to change and grow in my input.

Edie Hollyday added, "I wish

Nancy's new work were here. She's done a series of enormous open-door refrigeratora.s. Larger than things really are, about three times larger. But she has the crinkled wax paper, the spills, drippy catsup jars. And she seems to strike the common denominator that everyone wants. They're sensational!"

Edie Hollyday (about herself): I seem to be the only one reacting against color completely. I work only in black and white. Sometimes I use a little paint, but mostly it's pen and ink on unprimed canvas. I work in the abstract, combining flowing lines and geometric shapes, but I find myself drawn more and more to the realistic, starting from an object.

It's just amazing from where all of you get your inspiration. Have you ever come up against blocks when you didn't feel like you could do anything? OH YES!

What do you do?

You suffer. . . You work it out. . . I go to a gallery or museum. . . I come in to the studio and rearrange the paints and clean the brushes. Sometimes you feel like you want to stay home and not come in, but it helps to. You bother other people who aren't having blocks and waste their time!

Why are there no men in your group?

Nobody asked us! People are people. . . women have to organize to push themselves, but men are very stimulating. We're not a dedicated women's group. It just happened this way. We felt we had to do it this way to show. . . The first two or three people who came into the Foundry by accident were women—then their friends found out about the space and came to join the group. . . We do heavy work like men even though we're women. . . We've done a lot of urban renewal, too, to our buildings. We redid this except for putting in a furnace—painting the walls, plastering, caulking, pounding nails, loading and driving trucks. . . We feel very self-reliant. From time to time, we've had men renting some of our space, doing their own work.

What are the biggest conflicts in the group. . . if there are any?

We do have conflicts. We always have had conflicts. And we'll probably continue to have conflicts. . . But somehow or other we manage to get through. We draw strength from it. There's a growingness, but the growing pains have been horrible. That's true of any group, not just ours. . . And you could say that we're very strong-minded individuals, too.

Is your working in art hard on your daily lives?

It's been very wonderful to do what we've done, very rewarding. People ask me how I do what I'm doing—if you're an artist with a family and you have family obligations, there's a lot of things you just don't do—like socializing. Or shopping. Or whatever. . . You have to figure out priorities and that's what you do. It depends on what's important to you. People ask you to come and play tennis today and you just can't—there're sacrifices. . . I've given up a lot of my social life, and guess what? I don't even miss it! It was something that was there and nice, but it wasn't fulfilling like this is. . . It's amazing how many time-fillers that you used to have that you no longer need, because you're now doing what you want to do. For instance, today my husband is home, he's cleaning and he's going to the grocery store. And he'll cook the dinner. Super! We make sacrifices for each other. He won't come down here and help, but he does give me the time to do it, by releasing me. . . Some husbands come down here; they're supportive. They take photographs, put molding up. They all work in different ways. . . My husband doesn't help at home and doesn't come here, but he comes to the openings and applauds my work, and is supportive that way. He leaves me alone when I want to be alone.

Are you going to move back to the Foundry when that's done?

We hope so. It depends on the people who own the Foundry. We've been told we have an option to go back. Inland Steel owns it and this building. They've been very kind to us. . . At the Foundry, they let us work there six or seven months free; they didn't want vandals coming into the building. We were actually kind of helping them.

How many of you as professional artists are supporting yourselves?

I am; not all from painting—from teaching, too. . . Everything I make I seem to be pouring back in. I'm happy to do that, but I'd like to reach the point where there's some profit. But any business or occupation is going to lose money in the first few years. . . I was amazed to find the other night at a meeting we went to, of gallery directors, one person stated he had opened a gallery and was forced to close it eight or nine months later. He felt not being reviewed was one of the reasons he had closed; but others said no, you should have money to sit on for three to five years—before you should even consider whether you should stay open or close—or whether you're good or not good—which I thought was really amazing. . . You need

money to hang in there. . . I support myself by teaching and if I didn't have that I couldn't do this.

What you all need is a patron!

Yes! . . Inland isn't a patron, but they've been very nice so far. We approached them for matching funds for grant money, and they were kind of interested in the idea. . . Something else that came out of the gallery directors' meeting: a woman who was representing a gallery over in McLean said they had a lot of patrons, but they never come to the shows and they never buy the paintings, but they are art lovers and they support the arts—we need to find some people like that. . . We would love to have patrons! I think Mrs. Llewellyn Thompson, who is showing our paintings in the embassies—she's a patron. . . and you almost might say that Holly Guggenheim Logan is also a patron of the arts in establishing the Art Barn in which we have had shows.

Speaking of shows—maybe we ought to mention some of ours coming up:

We will have a show at the Art Barn, but we don't know the date yet. It will be a group show. We're working on a group show for the Folger, too. We've had a show at Cornell College in Iowa. Sometime in April or May, we'll be having an Open Studio here.

Several of us are having one-person shows:

Shirley Koller will be at the Art League in Alexandria this month. Barbara Kerne will soon be at the Mari Gallery in Westchester. Edie Hollyday and Fran Chapman have just finished a show at the Studio Gallery. Margaret Olney McBride will be at the Watkins Gallery. Edie Hollyday will soon be at the Alexandria City Hall under the auspices of the Artists Equity. A few of us have recently been in the D.C. Bicentennial Exhibit at the District Building.

Most of us are members of the Artists Equity, and some of us are members of the D.C. Women's Art Registry (which maintains slides, so that when people want to put together a show, they can come by and look at the slides and get all the information about the artists).

We're going to have a brochure of all artists and their work available here soon. It will tell the price ranges and styles of our paintings. . . And also we're going to make our work available not just for sale, but on a rental basis, because we believe some people may not want a permanent collection but would enjoy art in their homes or businesses. This is our project for the moment.

film

SLAVKO VORKAPICH

Paul Scaramazza

Who is Slavko Vorkapich?

Richard Shore, Oscar-winning cinematographer, says that he "is perhaps the last great teacher of film. No one anywhere has the total grasp of film Vorkapich does."

Director William Friedkin: "Slavko Vorkapich is simply the most knowledgeable lecturer on the possibilities of cinema in this country today."

Vorkapich—who is currently giving a series of lectures at AFI, until April 1st—has been working at it for a long time. He emigrated to New York by way of Belgrad, Budapest and Paris in 1920. There he worked as a commercial artist and portrait painter before moving on to Hollywood and discovery by director Rex Ingram. In 1928, with Robert Florey and Gregg Toland, he made the experimental film, *The Life and Death of a Hollywood Extra*. Florey screened the film for Charlie Chaplin and Vorkapich soon found himself working at Paramount. From 1928-34, he worked for Paramount and RKO as a crator of montage sequences, notable the *Furies* sequence from Hecht and MacArthur's *Crime Without Passion*.

Vorkapich: "After they saw my short, people classified me as a special effects man, a trick cameraman. I am not now and never was. In my montage sequences, I was saying something by putting together images which suggested ideas or moods to relate to the story. In battle sequences I tried to organize the movement into rhythmical visual beats."

Moving to MGM, he continued as a creator of strikingly original montages, sequences that stood out, sometimes glaringly so, from less than worthy vehicles. In fact, they destroyed the rhythm of many an indifferent film. Mr. Vorkapich, how-

ever, is nothing if not a purist. If any lecture attendee poses this problem, I have no doubt that Vorkapich will answer that it was the rest of the film that detracted from the pure filmic principles that he was displaying and using in his sequences. After ten lectures, he may have you convinced.

From 1949 through 1951, Vorkapich was head of the Department of Cinema at the University of Southern California. In 1952-56 he traveled and lectured extensively in Europe, where he also made a film in his native Yugoslavia. In 1956-60 he returned to Hollywood as editor of John Gunther's *High Road*. In 1965 he gave an historic series of lectures at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, afterwards appearing at Princeton, the Academy of Theatre Arts in Belgrad, and USC.

Vorkapich is interested in transforming film from a conglomeration of media into an autonomous art form. Whether this ideal film can retain narration and content is a problem for future filmmakers; Vorkapich says that no one has yet made a true feature-length film. Willard Van Dyke, curator of the Museum of Modern Art's Film Department has said, "I'm not sure Vorkapich is interested in content."

In the course of the AFI lectures, Vorkapich will explore the "phi phenomenon," an effect by which one object appears to be transformed into another when it is placed in the former's screen area; the laws of continuation; how human perception prefers movement in the third dimension; montage and the cadence that lends it a formal quality; the development of a kinesthetic sense; the "perspective distortions" due to disparity between the visual angle from the point of shooting and the visual angle at the time of viewing.

Most of these topics will be illustrated by the mistakes and triumphs of Griffith, Kurosawa, Antonioni, Eisenstein, Murnau, Fellini, cocteau, Van Dyke, Wise, Renoir, Resnais, Welles, Zinnemann, Kubrick, deSica, Flaherty, Ruttmann, Truffaut, Godard and others.

For further information on the Vorkapich lecture series, call the AFI box-office: 785-4600.



Slavko Vorkapich by Vincent Russomanno

the films are what it was and is all about, and they are very important indeed; but on the other hand, and in another sense, they did not impress or more or stimulate me nearly as much as he himself did.

Blue Moses, the filmmaker told us, is one of his few films to feature an actor, one of few to have any soundtrack at all, and one of few recent films to be shot totally in black and white, rather than in color. Opening the Friday early-showing, at a kind of subjective, chronological, mid-point in Brakhage's career, it inaugurated the evening of film-watching in a very controlled, thought-provoking manner. The expressionistic lighting, the highly stylized movements of the actor, the recurring phrases in the spoken soundtrack all made it clear that the film had been made as a kind of philosophical commentary, exercise or lesson. A spoken phrase seems at one moment as if it is a question and the next moment, as an answer. A fertility of ideas, images and possible—or even probable—interpretations present themselves fleetingly. The filmmaker prefaced the showing by saying that in his opinion true art requires as much energy and active participation from the receiver as was required in the making of the work itself. One can easily see how *Blue Moses* might repay concentrated attention and focused intellectual energy and interest.

The Hoseman, The Woman, and The Moth is a film which superficially, at least, could hardly be more different from *Blue Moses*. The films are similar only insofar as neither of them even remotely resembles conventional documentary or entertainment films. When this films was made, Brakhage had only a small amount of 35mm film to work with, film which had been shot and developed for use in an advertisement, but was rejected. The images on the film were of the most banal, uninteresting type imaginable.

As a result of this bleak store of raw materials to build from, Brakhage somehow was moved to exert his creative imagination upon the task of transforming individual frames of the film so completely that in very few instances could any of the original scene be seen, let alone recognized.

He painted over, bleached out, scratched, and in many various ways completely obliterated the original scene. In the process, he created 186 separate frames which were diverse in their derivation and appearance, but

which had a certain visual "family characteristic" in common.

From these 186 frames, he created a 20-minute film which for me is an extremely rich, striking and solid parallel to a typical composer's procedure of making a piece of music out of a limited number of separate tones. The structure-in-time that he created is almost uniquely suggestive of musical composition among all the film I've seen. Brakhage himself has frequently written or talked about the direct and indirect influence of musical structures upon his work. Here, I can begin to perceive it.

The film functions as a brief essay on the recent history of music. At the beginning, clear images remain on the screen for as long as half a second before they flit away. As time passes, the tempo increases and double-exposures begin to appear more frequently. This can correspond to a to a change from a slower pace of musical change in older music to a much faster pace in the recent past. At the end of the film, the frames glimmer and sparkle as they speed by so rapidly that they call to mind the cloud-dorplets of sound heard in such pieces of very recent music as Iannis Xenakis' *Pithoprakta* or *Akrata*.

Scenes from Under Childhood is a major work, in four parts, of which the third was shown. The filmmaker explained that this film is both an observation of his children and an essay on the process of learning to see. As he looked at his children, he was able to discover valuable things about how people learn to see. He could recall what he himself had learned. This film was another provocative, but difficult, one for me. I found it intriguing, but with repeated viewings, I was unable to exert enough energy to wring much of value out of seeing it.

I had a similar reaction to several of the films on the day's second showing. *The Machine of Eden*, *The Process*, and *Riddle of Lumen* each seemed to me to provide me with much promise, but little in the way of superficial and immediate gratification. *The Process*, for example, featured frames

of pure color, rhythmically interspersed with images of varying degrees of abstractness as I saw them. It went by too quickly for me to even begin to attune and align my nervous system to its particular and very singular mode of visual language and expression. I barely managed to glimpse with confidence that there was indeed some kind of thoughtful lesson imbedded in it. *The Machine of Eden* and *Riddle of Lumen* have merged together in my memories, for in each of them the images are often too many, too fleeting, too ambiguous and too complex for me to separate or remember very well. *Riddle of Lumen*, notably the most recent of these films, did seem to feature a very much greater amount of sheer visual beauty, which I very much do like.

Two films of very special importance remain to be described. One is called *Deus Ex*, and is a relatively straightforward documentary/portrait of a hospital in Pittsburgh. Both human and non-living images, normally seen in a hospital, are captured and put together in a poetic and moving way. *Deus Ex* is far slower, less intellectual, simpler, and more conventional than are many of Stan Brakhage's films. The high point of the film is open-heart surgery, which the filmmaker shot in an extremely difficult situation. Maintaining incredible steadiness, Brakhage held the camera in one hand and lens in another, having had to detach the lens from the camera in order to achieve focus. The body-movements which the filmmaker/cameraman was constantly making as he shot the film, provided a kind of rhythmic component in the resulting waverings of the image.

BRAXHAGE continued on Page 8

BRAXHAGE ON BRAXHAGE

by Stephen Allen Wheaton

Stan Brakhage has been to Washington for the first time. He presented a selection of his films in four chronological programs to begin the American Film Institute's 1974 series on "Independent American Filmmakers."

□ □ □ □ □ □

Because Stan Brakhage is centrally concerned with "person" and each person's personal reaction to things, I will provide here a far more overtly personal, subjective, and even idiosyncratic, written memoir of my reaction to the third and fourth programs and to the man himself, than is my usual practice.

The program began with a brief introduction made by the AFI host, something like "Everyone knows who Stan Brakhage is, so I won't say anything more about him; just that we're glad to have him here..." Then Brakhage spoke for a while. It was as if he were picking up strands of conversations which had been interrupted only brief moments before, for he plunged directly into a kind of performance/verbal-rumination/monologue/dialogue/speech which struck me immediately by its interestingness and its subtle and elusive quality. This man, whom I'd never met before, seemed to be comfortably, usefully, valuably unique; secure in himself and yet bearing scars of some kind of struggle.

No sooner did I begin to think about such things than Stan Brakhage began to talk about what I was thinking about. Right away, talking before a group of more than a hundred people of whom he knew very few indeed, he made mention ins short order of sever rather trivial things which most people never discuss except with people they've known for a long time. There was nothing bizarre, nothing risqué, nothing self-consciously private or straining to be indiscreet; but somehow I found

myself listening to a person talking about himself, his life, his feelings, and his work with an intimacy that compelled my interest and focused my mind on his every word. "Even if I don't find his way of making films congenial to my own taste or suggestive to my own way of working," I thought, "I'll very likely get a lot out of simply watching and listening while he lives the natural life of Stan Brakhage up there in front of us all."

And sure enough, that's exactly what happened, and it happened in a number of important ways and for diverse reasons. I will try to recollect some of them and put them down in order here and how:

First of all, Stan Brakhage is a seminal figure; "the central figure in the American independent film movement" and also "it's most eloquent spokesman." These two reputations he deserves, but he also finds them uncomfortable. It is certainly not mere modesty which makes him uneasy about his important role, but rather a feeling that being the successful, leading, important American, independent, filmmaking artist distracts him from his life, family, films, writings, and friends.

Second of all, and perhaps most important to me, Stan Brakhage is vitally concerned with what he calls "person." For him, this word names everything about each of us that is unique, different from everyone else. It is contrary to the urges we have and the forces our culture creates which make each of us behave automatically, conformingly, fragmentedly, conventionally.

Thirdly, Stan Brakhage is a virtually inexhaustible source of both original ideas and multifarious, unexpected connections and references. In terms of sheer power of generating quantity, quality, and diversity of thought, he impresses me as one of the very most fertile-minded persons I have ever seen.

Fourth, and almost least, in a sense, there are the films. Of course,



master
haircutters

2632
columbia pike
arlington, virginia
920-1144

Paul's Auto Repairs

VW Specialists



5% Discount
on parts and
labor.
With this ad.

"We take the bugs
out of your Bug!"

Central Charge, NAC
MasterCharge
560-7100

2820-A Mary Street
Falls Church, Virginia

SUNSHINE GEN'L
4615 Wisc. Ave.
N.W.

HOME RULE
1825 Columbia
N.W.



YES!
1039 31st St.
N.W.

SUN & EARTH
4701 Sangamore
Bethesda

art

THREE ARTISTS. TWO SHOWS

David Tannous
Allan Bridge has chosen the title "A Year of Transition" for his new show at the Washington Gallery (3005 M Street, N.W.), but the phrase could apply equally as well to the work of Allen Appel, Bridge's neighbor and fellow artist, who shares the exhibition space with him.

Both artists have undergone a considerable amount of change in the last year, and each of them has transformed a once-familiar style into something quite new. Happily, the change in each case has been for the better, producing art that is intelligent, fresh, affecting, and above all, freer than before.

For Bridge, the transformations have been obvious, rapid and easy to trace, as he has moved away, in the last year and a half, from a hard-edge exploration of color contained in regular geometric shapes. These early canvases, mostly hexagonal in form, played with different shades and tints of related hues in a *trompe l'oeil* format of three-dimensional cubes.

Leaving this, Bridge began a logical progression (documented in a chart in the main-floor gallery) that led through a series of works: featuring, in turn, new geometric forms, curved "flower" shapes, and loose rectangles and ovals of color floating on a white ground. All of these stages are represented in the show, but it is his newest work, displayed in the main gallery, that is the best.

These four paintings are composed of loose, broad strokes of transparent colors, crossing each other in steep curved diagonals, with small, startling patches of white canvas visible through the interstices.

The most successful piece, the large horizontal "Insect Space,"

"RECENT PAINTINGS"

By Wolfgang Gross-Mario

Christine Bergaust
My reaction to Wolfgang Gross-Mario's exhibition at the Anne Hathaway Gallery was one of impatience.

If one of his paintings were set off by itself, it could be easily digested by my mind's eye. But when there are more than 20 paintings to take in all at once, I'm left content, confused, and impatient. Content—because I think that I can understand his ideas after playing a few easy mind games. Confused—because of the dichotomy in his style. Impatient—awaiting the maturing of the artist's talents.

Wolfgang Gross-Mario is 45 years old and is now residing in his new home, which is outside of Saarbrücken, Germany.

Mario does most of his work in oils or gouache; with a few acrylic works thrown in for no particular reason. His gouaches are understandably smaller than his oils. (Gouache is a process which goes back to Classical times. It involves mixing oils and melted wax, which is then applied by any sort of tool, onto wood, usually. Evenness of temperature is a key factor.) Mario prefers to use canvas, and does so in an expert manner.

And now the confusion sets in. Often, when looking at a show that covers a span of ten years or so, there is a natural reaction on the viewer's part to try and see if there is any sort of pattern or progression in the artists' works. And this can be attempted at the Hathaway Gallery this month, as the paintings were done from the time Mario was in his mid-30's.

It seems that there are two opposing camps: the gouaches and the oils. In the gouaches, the abstract forms are mainly lines with very little mass and color. Whereas, the oil paintings are centered with one, large and 'looming sculptural' form. One thing that is evident in all the works is that they are definitely psychological paintings. Much of the gouache is reminiscent of the early psychological things that Jackson Pollock did. In these gouaches, it is satisfying to see the fine interaction of line going on



"Vanessa" by Allen Appel

brings opposing diagonal strokes together in Greek letter "lambda" forms at the left center of the canvas. From this point, the thick strokes of purple, green and blue radiate across the painting and, by implication, off it, as the paint ceases abruptly at the canvas edge.

The painting is filled with energy: the wide streaks of color, overlapping and changing in hue, rough-edged and bleeding into the canvas, move in strong, synchronized rhythms across the surface, like intersecting ripples of water. In this work, as in the other new pieces, Bridge suggests that within the given dimensions we are seeing only part of the whole, a close-up of a vision that is too large and restless to be taken all at once.

Allen Appel has been known for his imaginative collages and deli-

cately-tinted photographs, and there are examples of both of these aspects of his art in this exhibit. His most surprising group of collages is the bondage series, presented, rather appropriately, in the gallery basement. They feature cut-outs of naked women, gagged and bound in a variety of improbable poses, placed on serene color views of the starry heavens.

His photographs are more self-effacing, but they can have as sharp an effect. "Maria" is composed of two frontal views of a woman's head. In one, she leans back with her eyes closed; in the other, her head is thrown forward, eyes open. There is implied motion here, of course, but there is also an eerie resemblance to the action of a child's doll, whose weighted eyes snap open and shut according to the position of its head.

within such tight composition. These are examples of his "lighter" works. For instance, Mario does an amusing rooster in gouache—reminds me a Calder's tin-can rooster in the Phillips Collection.

Time passes and we go on to view the oils which are somewhat removed in period and style from his work during the '60's. Throughout the majority of his work, Mario frames his paintings with various color borders, composed of workable geometric shapes. This is, from the painter's point of view, a difficult thing to accomplish, i.e., the forms have to relate coherently to the edge of the canvas. Mario pulls this off beautifully. In fact, he maintains a good balance and unity through the pictures even with the sometimes lurching sculptural forms. His "Compositions I, II, III" are good examples of this. His design in gener-

al moves well in space. Mario keeps the strength of the sculptural line within bounds by good-humoredly adding an amusing shape or line. Maybe more than a feeling of strength is conveyed. . . a feeling of conflict, perhaps. A sense of conflict is far more evident in his oils than in his gouaches, creating a change in styles.

Mario tends to overwork the painting; in some cases, offending the eye with an overload of line, texture, and color. His major asset is his superb handling of composition—this man knows exactly what he's doing. After the eye has taken all of this in, it does not cease to see more in Mario's paintings. Fine. . . but what's he up to next?

The exhibition can be seen daily, or during the intermission of *The Inspector General*, put on by The Folger Theater Group through March 10th.

As in Bridge's case, though, Appel's best work is his most recent. He combines in single constructions a use of the collage, his own photography, and a newly-discovered delight in painting.

In the largest of these pieces, on display in the main gallery, cut-out photographs blown-up on paper are fastened to rectangular expanses of unstretched canvas. Other cut-outs from old books and magazines are added to each design, and a thick impasto, formed of layers of colored putty and gel, swirls over the surface, uniting the various elements of the composition and imparting a sensuous texture to the piece.

The heavy "painterly" strokes of the putty combine with the exact representationalism of the photographs to create images that manage an unusual transition from the amorphous to the precise. In "Vanessa," a young woman's torso and head meld imperceptibly with the surrounding white impasto, while a flock of brilliantly colored birds hovers about her.

The effect is beautiful, somewhat magic, and slightly disturbing, as the image appears to materialize out of a definitely three-dimensional mist. It's like watching an unknown photograph begin to develop before you: you may like what you see so far, but you have no idea what disquieting revelations remain, waiting to emerge.

The smaller works in this style, framed and under glass, emphasize the delicacy of the technique. Heads and faces surface in the turbulent seas of red and orange; the barely visible features are like half-recalled memories, each one with its own trailing mist of hazy recollection.

.....

The simple pencil drawing is not a very popular means of expression for many artists today. Locally, the excellent portrait work of Manon Cleary and the unusual landscapes of John Grazier come to mind, but most other artists use the pencil primarily as a preliminary tool in realizing their work.

Kevin MacDonald is an exception. In a first one-man show, his hard-lead pencil drawings, recently on view at the Studio Gallery (1735 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.), are a surprise and a delight. He reminds us of the subtle excellencies this medium is capable of revealing, when it is used with taste and imagination.

MacDonald is interested in rooms, windows and light. With a spare, clean line he draws sections of rooms—mostly upper halves and often corners—and into them he puts windows and falls of light and shadow.

His line is so faint, and the scenes he presents are so simple and uncluttered, that at first it's hard to perceive that much of anything is there. But after looking for a while, one begins to see the intricate detail of a moulding or the elegant zig-zag of a roof gutter that carries the eye through a window and out of a room.

MacDonald's greatest achievement, though, lies in his ability to suggest with a minimum of means the interaction of light and shade. "A Light Room Beyond" juxtaposes a darker room in the foreground with a spill of light through the doorway that leads to the lighter area in back. One feels a desire to be able to step through that door, to move out of the dark and see what the light reveals.

"Shea's Window" draws our attention first to the quaint, round-topped window on the left; then gradually we notice the subtle and mysterious play of shadows on the long wall to the right. The same sort of thing happens in "Max's Room": the bay window on the right, colored almost unnoticeably with pale blue, allows a fall of faint yellow light and pale gray shadows to animate the wall on the left.

The transitions between light and shadow are so smooth that it's hard to believe these are the products of pencil on paper; it seems much more likely that these imperceptible gradations came from an air brush and paint.

Some recent experiments with a softer-lead, more easily legible pencil—also on view at the show—are not so successful. The literalness of these scenes destroys the delicate air of implication that invests the best of MacDonald's work with mystery and promise. Nevertheless, one new piece in this rougher style, "Calvert Street Bridge #1," is effective in a different idiom, with the masses of the bridge presented as a negative white against the dark, streaky blacks of the background.

Although MacDonald's show has closed, a number of his drawings still are available at the gallery. It's worth taking a trip there to see them.

Narragansett Leathers

Capitol Hill

Handcrafted
briefcases

319 7th St., S.E.
Tues. - Sat. 10-6
544-2211



PRAIRIE DOG

35th & N Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20007
Phone: 333-2626

Featuring
CASUAL WEAR with a
WESTERN FLAIR
Custom Embroidered Levis
Turquoise Jewelry

the Scissors Circuit

your hair
is the
sexiest
thing
about
you!



\$2.00 off with this ad -- first time only
1616 wisconsin avenue georgetown 965-1646

film

THR LAST DETAIL

W. Lomax-Karolyi

The Last Detail, is Jack Nicholson's film even though he didn't write, produce or direct it. Nicholson plays the quick tempered Navy Signalman Billy "Bad-Ass" Baddusky, and he succeeds in making the movie center around Billy's ambivalent personality. Otis Young, as Billy's fellow-lifer, Mule Mulhall, and Randy Quaid, as Larry Meadows, the emotionally immature, baby-faced kleptomaniac and convicted Navy felon, also turn in convincing and realistic performances in Robert Towne's screen adaptation of a novel by Darryl Ponicsan. Hal Ashby directed.

As Billy and Mule escort their prisoner Meadows from Norfolk, Virginia to Portsmouth Naval Prison in New Hampshire—with hassled stops in Washington, Camden, New York City, and Boston—the personalities of all three men emerge. But it is Billy that sets in motion all the main scenes; and it is he who guides the tone of the picture, from depressing reality to lighthearted, slapstick escapism.

Towne's screenplay is a decided improvement over Ponicsan's novel. The movie draws its basic plot and characters directly from the 1970 book, but omits several highly contrived scenes, substituting entirely believable ones. Towne ends the film at the perfect moment, saving Ponicsan's sudden, brutal, senseless ending of the novel from totally ruining the film.

The only drawback of *The Last Detail* is that it slows to an almost boring pace near the end of its 105 minutes. The characters and acting are honest, though, and the plot is intriguing enough to make the film interesting and enjoyable.

SERPICO

Nelson Adams

Serpico is a good movie, but an unexciting one. What it lacks is the touch of Costa-Gavras, the master of tense passion and political subversion. *Serpico* is, in fact, a subversive film in that it attempts to reveal some sordid truths about a central pillar of American society, the police. These truths are that most cops are on the take, that plainclothes detectives are the most corrupt of all, and that one honest cop cannot become an honest plainclothes cop without getting shot in the head for it. Now that's subversive material—it's not new, but it is shocking. It's the kind of subject Costa-Gavras can give fire and moral outrage to, and better yet, Costa-Gavras can communicate this fervor to an audience.

But Costa-Gavras didn't direct *Serpico*; Sidney Lumet did. And all the passion is gone; all that remains is a sad, dispiriting story about one good guy getting roasted by a rotten world. It's pathos, not tragedy—a definite downer in a down, down world. The audience remains a group of outsiders, unstirred, unexcited, merely masochistic voyeurs.

Al Pacino plays Frank Serpico, the honest cop who finally blew the whistle on the police bribery, extortion and thievery by telling his story to the *New York Times*. All hell broke loose, as they say in the NYPD, and the Knapp Commission was born with the ostensible purpose of ferreting out the police crimes and police criminals. And everyone hated Serpico because he didn't go along, because he broke the rules, but most of all, because he went to "outside agencies" to tell his story. Seeing *Serpico* is like watching a dress rehearsal for the Watergate affair, writ small.

Lumet's sense of rhythm and pace in the film is slow and unsure; the movie progresses by fits and starts, something that Costa-Gavras never allows. The comparison between *Serpico* and *Z* is inescapable; in the

matter of exciting rhythm and purposeful (some would say "manipulative") writing, *Serpico* comes out a distant second. Al Pacino is very good, very interesting to watch as Serpico, but he never reveals much of anything about the man he is playing. What drives him against the tide? What makes him so stubbornly honest in such a patently corrupt environment? We know Serpico isn't just dumb; we get hints of a complex and interesting personality behind the plainclothes disguises, but we never get any real insights or answers.

Another problem with the film is its insistently monotonous tone. It's like watching Sisyphus rolling his stone—the repetition of scenes get frustrating after a while, and we yearn to see something other than Serpico endlessly butting his head against the system. This frustrating choice of scenes could have been alleviated by showing us a little character development, but all we have are a few snippets of comic relief. These scarce, but welcome touches of humor are provided by Pacino, who turns Serpico into a haberdasher's nightmare: as he gets shuffled from precinct to precinct his plain clothes disguises get funkier and funkier (Mod Squad for real). This progression is one of the few fine visual touches in the film; Serpico's costumes mirror his development into an outsider, a pariah in the eyes of his colleagues. Finally, in his freakiest outfit (including a ring in his ear), he is attacked by his own supposed partners in the station house. The irony of his position is apparent, of course, but it is mercifully handled with subtlety instead of a hammer.

Another positively enjoyable aspect of the film is its dialogue, written by Norman Wexler. It's gritty and authentic and filled with strong words effectively used. Unfortunately, the dialogue and the film just peter out at the end with the inconclusive Knapp Commission hearings.


This sequence is the dulllest in the film; there is plenty of time to consider how much better a Costa-Gavras might have handled such an ending. The music is by Theodorakis, which again reminds us of Costa-Gavras (his music was much better in *Z*), and the editing is by Dede Allen, who has done much tighter work for Arthur Penn (perhaps because Penn shoots better footage to start with). And there are no women worth mentioning in the film—no real roles for them in the script, terrible dialogue for the two half-women in Serpico's life, and no actresses to be found anywhere on the screen.

dance

AMERICAN GENESIS

Susan Kaller

Paul Taylor and his remarkably talented company premiered his latest work, *American Genesis*, at the Lisner Auditorium, a few weeks ago. This beautifully staged and performed dance drama provided an evening of sheer kinesthetic pleasure as Taylor's distinctive wit and spirit created an atmosphere of unusual vivacity.



YOGA
SIVANANDA CENTER
811 ELEVENTH ST., N.W.

DAILY CLASSES
BEGINNERS COURSES

SPECIAL
Winter Vacations
Yoga Island Retreat
Paradise Island
Nassau, Bahamas

347-3355

American Genesis was a "total theatre" piece divided into three acts. The ironic beginning was "The Creation," using the Garden of Eden story as its germ, paralleling it with the American "Westward Movement" and the Revolutionary War period. The most unforgettable section, "So Long Eden," a hillbilly, foot-stomping episode, featured the encounter of Eve and Adam with the country serpent Jake. Ruby Shang, Greg Reynolds and Nicholas Gunn were all flawless in their timing and dancing. The country sound of John Fahey's slide guitar accompaniment was exactly appropriate.

The choreographic influences of Paul Taylor's early career, notably those gained from his period as a prominent soloist with the Martha Graham Company, were apparent in *American Genesis*. The twitching and wrenching of his arms, in his solo section as the Reverend, had a distinct flavor of Graham gesture to it. Even so, Taylor's interpretation of Graham's movement vocabulary has been varied and unique.

Paul Taylor, with his rather awesome, athletic body, had a thrilling exuberance on stage. It was extraordinary to watch a dancer of his height and weight (perhaps too many newly acquired pounds) have total control over his choreography. His knack for showmanship and his directness of approach made him captivating in the eyes of his large and general audience.

Taylor's group of dancers were far from being homogenous in size and shape. Despite this, he created a lovely harmony by utilizing the individual personalities and strengths of each dancer. As an example, the choice choreography for petite Carolyn Adams, as Lilith's child in the last act, "The Flood," was charmed perfection. Her childlike playfulness did not detract from the potent racial statement of a black Adam's being rejected from the Ark.

American Genesis has been one of the finest modern dance concerts in D.C. for some time. It was not a pure dance program, but it was a great dance theatre. Paul Taylor was a joy to experience and should definitely worth an evening out the next time he's in town.

any other single theory. Brecht felt that the audience should always be aware that it was watching a play, that the theatre should instruct and entertain, and that the theatre could be effective propaganda and effective art at the same time. Arena Stage's current production of *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* demonstrates an obvious understanding of most of the Brecht theory. We are constantly aware that what we are watching is not real or an attempt at illusion of reality. The stage is set as a circus arena, the actors wear clown white for makeup, movement is exaggerated and stylized, a Ringmaster talks to us through a bullhorn as he functions as narrator and guide to the historical parallels between the Rise of Arturo Ui (central character of the play) and the Rise of Hitler, a man sings a song from a trapeze and a brass band bridges scenes and provides appropriate musical background. The propaganda and instruction are pounded into us right to the Epilogue which warns us that we should continue to be on guard as there is no shortage of potential tyrants in the world—a notion with which I am certain few would disagree. Unfortunately, the constant parallel drawn by the Ringmaster, between Ui and Hitler, tended to diminish the possibility of drawing a contemporary parallel from potential tyrants of our own time.

Brecht does, however, specifically recognize the need for entertainment along with instruction. It is here that both he, as playwright, and Carl Weber, as director, miss the mark a bit. Mind you, there is entertainment in the production, both in what Brecht has to say and the devices mentioned above. The heavy-handedness of both Brecht and Weber, however, is at times overbearing. The play begins with several lengthy scenes of exposition that are as dull as anything that that realistic father figure Ibsen ever dreamed of. The characters are intentionally written one-dimensionally and, for the most part, are unfortunately played that way. Richard Bauer, playing Arturo Ui, fleshes out his character to a level of believability which none of the rest of the company achieves. Several other principal actors, Terrence Currier, Don Plumey, Howard Witt and Stanley

Anderson, most notably, get beyond the one-dimensional range, but do not reach the depth of Bauer. This, too, is partly due to the writing and direction. Bauer, however, coils and bounces and twists and prances—both physically and vocally—into a completely plausible character within the style created by the director and playwright. My sense is that director Weber was so concerned with communicating the instruction of the play that he overlooked some of the humor. More scenes like the delightful one in which an old, slightly drunken, Shakespearean actor teaches Ui how to walk and talk would have helped life some of the heaviness off the production—would have made it more entertaining.

The production itself was grandly mounted and all of the production elements were tightly unified. The set, by Karl Eigsti, was a marvel: a one-ring circus delight. The costumes by Marjorie Slaiman were right out of the Capone/Cicero 30's, but tacky enough to be seen as costumes. The lighting, by William Mintzer, was bright, isolated nicely when called upon to be so, but a little dull in color. The direction was concise and inventive. But there seemed to be so little joy in all of this. If we are horrified while caught laughing, isn't our horror then increased?

Brecht envisioned this play in a music hall or a burlesque theatre. Weber felt that a circus was a better choice because "the circus combines the display of power, danger, and daring of its performers and animals with the jokes and travesties of its clowns." Brecht saw the potential for humor in the music hall and burlesque theatre. Weber should have used more of the "jokes and travesties" from the circus. Had this been the case, the instruction would have been palatable, and the audience would have been more entertained and, I think, Brecht would have been better served.

Woodwind
WOODWIND

performance

THE RESISTIBLE RISE
of
ARTURO UI
Arena Stage

Perry Schwartz


Bertolt Brecht's theory concerning theatre as theatre has probably had as much to do with our contemporary theatre trend away from realism as

ONE GOD
ONE RELIGION
ONE MANKIND

Bahai Faith
MESSAGE
291-2268

BOSTON ★ WASHINGTON D.C. ★ BIRMINGHAM, MICH.
★ SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO ★ HYANNIS PORT, MASS.
★ NEWTONVILLE, MASS ★ ANN ARBOR, MICH

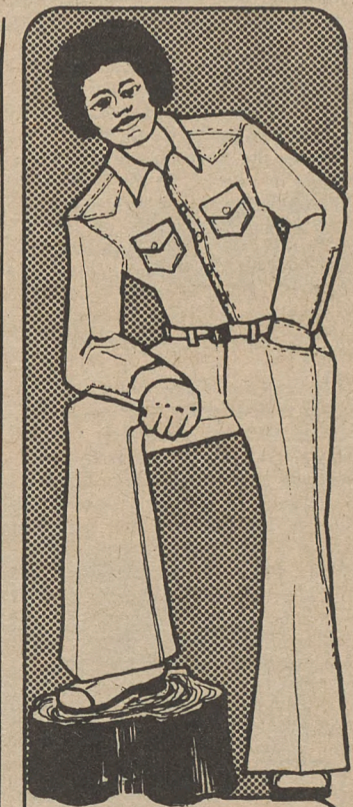
Pots an' Plants



INTERIOR LANDSCAPE DESIGN FOR
HOTELS, LARGE OFFICE BLDGS.
SHOPPING MALLS, PRIVATE HOMES

ONE OF THE BIGGEST ASSORTMENT OF
PLANTS FROM CACTUS TO TROPICAL
& EXOTIC AT LOW PRICES

GEORGETOWN 1075 WIS AV NW 965-2631
BETHESDA 7000 WIS AV 652-5664



Western shirts — form fitting with the yoked shoulder. In denim, chambray, and cotton blends; solids and pattern. Many are perma press. \$6.95 and up.

All kinds of denim jean pants, with and without the cuff. Western, flared leg, and straight legs. Mostly around eight and nine dollars.

The General Store

2424 18th Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20009
667-0449

Mon.—Thurs. 12 to 8; Fri. 10 to 8;
Sat. 10 to 6

records

on the third day
Electric Light Orchestra — (U.A.)

Bruce Rosenstein
Through the course of their three albums, ELO has carved out a distinctive group sound. No one else sounds like this band. While this is the dream of many a rock band, there are times when it is a drawback, when the sound becomes a parody of itself. There are a couple of times on this LP when that happens, when a stock phrase of ELO leader Jeff Lynne comes up and you realize that not only have you heard it on every ELO album, but also on Lynne's albums as a member of The Move and The Idle Race.

I mention this mainly because ELO's sound is changing; going in the direction that *ELO II*'s "Roll Over Beethoven" suggested, a really smooth blend of classical, rock and pop. In their previous work, the lines between classical and rock were fairly delineated, and the fusion of the two styles was so herky-jerky that it was, for the most part, nonexistent. On the *Third Day* demonstrates that the problem is just about corrected. The earlier, more-classical-than-rock sound is present in the opening "King of the Universe," the instrumental "Daybreaker," and their version of "In the Hall of the Mountain King." The fusion of idioms is more complete in "Dreaming of 4000," where the raunchy guitar and wild string section sound equally in place. "Ma-Ma-Ma Belle" harkens back to Lynne's superb Move song, "Do Ya," a bone-crushing, hard rock stomper.

"New World Rising" is possibly the most dynamic song on the album, with one of Lynne's more haunting melodies and the effective use of synthesized voice and instruments. "Showdown," a well-deserved hit single, is the album's counterpart of "Roll Over Beethoven" in that it portends what is to come on the next ELO album. This not only mixes rock and classical, but also soul—specifically snatches of "I Heard It Through the Grapevine"—and the result is a striking pop song; one that grows more and more desirable and memorable with each listening. I'm sure that their next album will contain more songs like "Showdown" and "Ma-Ma-Ma Belle," and be better for it.

When the final chapter of ELO's history is written, *On the Third Day* will be judged more valuable than their debut, *No Answer*, or *ELO II*. But I think they have it in them to top this, their fullest achievement to date.

ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS
Canned Heat — (Atlantic)

The release of this album, besides being their first for their new label, marks the beginning of Canned Heat's ninth year as a band. By serendipity or good management, this L.A. band was able to snag a lot of attention in the 1966-68 San Francisco scene. In 1968 they fit right into the White Blues Movement, coinciding nicely with a couple of big hit singles.

Ironically, Canned Heat's dedication to blues caused them to lose most of their popularity from 1970-73.

Suddenly, while not being actually forgotten, not too many people were buying Canned Heat records. *The New Age*, released last spring by their old label, United Artists, was a last ditch effort to extract five dollars from the pockets of old believers. Needless to say, it was a miserable failure. The Heat, in particular leader Bob Hite, took a long look at what they were doing, and decided a change was in order.

Canned Heat now has a new record label, new producers (Barry Beckett and Roger Hawkins), and their new album contains absolutely no blues songs. Since I've always been a fairly enthusiastic admirer of the band, I wish I could get more enthused about this album. Most of the material is heavily influenced by New Orleans rock, with lots of horns and piano. In fact, the "We Remember Fats" (Domino) medley is the best thing on the album. You can't argue with the way these songs are being played; it's just that the songs themselves—with the exception of "We Remember Fats," "One More River to Cross," and "I'm a Hog for You Baby"—are lifeless, third-rate stuff. Bob Hite is reputed to be one of the most knowledgeable people around concerning early rhythm and blues music, with a huge collection of precious 78's. A Canned Heat album of this material would be much more welcome than the type of original material on *One More River to Cross*. B.R.

BANANAMOUR
Kevin Ayers — (Sire)

Back in the days when there was a true underground, and the term "Progressive rock" had some tangible meaning, Kevin Ayers was a member of one of the earliest "progressive" bands, England's Soft Machine. Before they mutated into a free-form rock — jazz (mostly the latter) band, Ayers left to pursue a solo career. First, there was the album *Joy of a Toy* (Harvest), in 1970. After that he released several albums in England, either solo or with his group, Whole World, which, at one time, included Mike (Tubular Bells) Oldfield. None of these were released here, and I've heard not one note from any of them. *Bananamour* is available in America, and we should be thankful.

If you were expecting a way-out, weird album from Kevin, you won't find it here. *Bananamour* is a basically down-to-earth, commercial album of British pop/rock, with shades of soul music here and there. Kevin hits us with a soulful backup chorus provided by the ubiquitous Doris Troy and Liza Strike on the first song, "Don't Let It Get You Down." There are some well-placed horns on "When Your Parents

Go to Sleep." On Side Two, there is one of the most infectious things the wind ever blew in, "Caribbean Moon," a modest combination of Harry Belafonte, Jimmy Cliff, and the Bonzo Dog Band. "Decadence" and "Interview" will go down well with the Bowie/Reed crowd.

Outside of the album's high quality songs, Kevin's voice and lyrics are something special. The latter are sometimes obscure, but always good humored and knowing. When he wants to, he gets to the nut of the problem: "The distance between us, it just never seems to change/there's a whole mountain range/of misunderstanding." His voice is a bit on the monotone side, and a little stiff, yet sly and wicked. *Bananamour* may not be an album for everyone, but you can't accuse Kevin of not trying. Once you hear it, you'll want to put on Ayers quite a bit. B.R.

FERGUSLIE PARK
Stealers Wheel — (A&M)

On the surface, Stealers Wheel, due to the hit "Stuck in the Middle with You," was one of the success stories of 1973. Beneath, the group went through many internal hassles and personnel changes, one of which was the departure of the group's leader, Gerry Rafferty, after their first album was released. In between, a "new" Stealers Wheel was formed with guitarist Luther Grosvenor, formerly of Spooky Tooth. Things changed, the band split apart again (with Grosvenor winding up in Mott the Hoople) and Stealers Wheel was back to the duo of Rafferty and Joe Egan, its original nucleus.

Somewhat surprisingly, the new album is a stronger and more solidified effort than their first. Once more, they are produced by the renowned hitmakers Lieber and Stoller, with the resulting sound as tight and commercial as you would expect. Rafferty and Egan are not just picking acoustic guitars—10 other musicians are displaying their talents on many instruments. Lieber and Stoller get a full sound out of it, especially on the jazzier songs, featuring sympathetic sax work by Chris Mercer and Steve Gregory. Most songs have a chunky, perpetual motion kind of sound, produced along by Andrew Steele's drums. The voices of Egan/Rafferty ride along perfectly on this backing.

Although there are no poor songs, the best are the sharper, more rocking songs like "Blind Faith," and "Everything Will Turn Out Fine," the follow-up to "Stuck in the Middle with You." These songs are catchy enough to appeal to a broad range of tastes. The same quality is present in "Wheelin'" and "Star," though they are hardly rockers. What is not quite so successful about *Ferguslie Park* is the lyrics, which deal once too often with the perils of the music business. The words don't get in the way, though, and the music is some of the best pop and rock you'll hear these days. B.R.

BRACKHAGE continued from Page 5

The high point of the entire series of film, and by far my favorite of all of Brakhage's films that I've seen, is his latest film, *The World Shadow*. I like it for reasons which are perhaps relatively unimportant to the filmmaker, but which prove very important to me in my own tastes and abilities. The two most important the film has, from my point of view, are the fact that it moves slowly, in comparison with his other films, and the fact that the individual images in the film are simply beautiful. The films is also quite short, which I did not like. I would have preferred that it go on and on.

In all, the films were extremely provocative and many of them were completely satisfying as well. Stan Brakhage, in his presentation of his person and in what he said, proved to be an inspiration to me. I am now rekindled in my resolve to make films, to see films, and to strive to transform Washington, D.C. into an environment in which local people's films and American independent filmmakers' films of interest from the past and present will get regular exposure. The experience affected me in a variety of ways, all good. I can only say thank-you to Stan Brakhage—and come again.



Canned Heat

"Fight the Food Tax"

Home Rule
Natural Foods

1825 Columbia Road, NW

Open 10:00 am to 7:00 pm — 462-5150
Monday — Saturday

Nuts • Seeds • Herbs • Fruit

— OVER 200 BULK ITEMS —

MCAT REVIEW COURSE

Special emphasis on math, chemistry,
organic chemistry, biology, physics,
and English

No Additional Charge For Taking This
Course More Than Once

OFFERING AN EXTENSIVE
25 HOUR REVIEW
FOR THE MAY MCAT

All Classes Taught At
THE SHERATON PARK HOTEL
Connecticut Avenue and Woodley Road, N.W.

Register Now—\$115 Tuition
(Class Size Limited)

Classes Begin Sat., March 16

MCAT REVIEW COURSE INC.
1030 15th Street, N.W.
for further information call 223-1835
if no answer call 223-1808

CUSTOM FRAMING

CHROME
Brass and Pewter

8 x 10	8.00	16 x 20	14.00
11 x 14	10.00	18 x 24	16.00
12 x 16	12.00	20 x 28	20.00

Prices include mat and glass
5% for brass and pewter

GRAPHICS EAST
GEORGETOWN: 1054 31st St., N.W.
Canal Square 337-9623
OLD TOWN: 603 King St.
Alexandria 836-9400

TERMPAPERS

Thousands on File

Come see our Catalogue

\$2.00 per Page

TERMPAPER LIBRARY
2605 "P" Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.
333-0201
Call between 12:00-5:00 P.M.

fiction

MISTER MAGOO OF THE EARS

Marvin Caplan
WHEN the conductor shouts "One Hundred and Sicken Street!" and the el train stops instead at 116th; when our hostess introduces her "has been" and my wife assures me we have just met the lady's husband; when my older daughter insists that the car radio warned us against excessive use of barbiturates and amphetamines, not, as I could have sworn, "barbiturates and obscenities"; why, then, the mood of my family grows ugly and they call me "Mr. Magoo of the Ears."

It is their notion that I mishear things the way poor, nearsighted Magoo missees them in all those animated cartoons. Of course, that's nonsense. Hounded by my wife and kids I went and had my hearing checked. The doctor couldn't find a thing. That low steady noise inside my head, like steam escaping? Not uncommon in middle age. "But all it means is, if you're at a cocktail party you may not hear what's being said at the far side of the room." Unfortunate as that may be in Washington, where we live, it is still no cause for alarm. What of my children's complaint that I never hear what they say? "Tell them," said the doctor — one family man to another — "to stop noodling you." I did. But the matter didn't rest there. My wife has another grievance and it's beyond remedy. Sometimes, she says, I listen too carefully.

She raises this objection, for instance, when I ask her if she really means she has "just cleaned the house from tip to toe." Or when I express puzzlement at the task she's set our son: "Ben, please pick up the floor."

Our moods conflict on a prosaic Monday morning when she tells our younger daughter to put out glasses and "set a cup for Dad and me" and what she intends is not an Isoldic interlude in which we embrace and plight our love from a single goblet, but only that we're having coffee and the kids, milk. Catch her when she says, "I'm almost through and then I'll be really finished," and ask her,

reasonably, when that means she will be done and she flies into a rage, giving voice to her most devastating accusation: "There you go! You're listening again!"

I shouldn't. Who needs the friction it creates? My son surely doesn't welcome my comments when he says "I'm going to spread a terrapin over everything to keep the rain out." Our younger daughter vows that this summer "I'm going to donate some time to French" and is furious when I wonder aloud if French is taking up a collection. Naturally, I carry this preoccupation with what is said and meant beyond the immediate family. But am I, as a responsible adult, to stand by unconcerned when my daughters' pretty girl friend comes back with them after a hike through Rock Creek Park and announces as they troop to the refrigerator, "I'm ravished!" And is an old butcher boy, wise in the ways of chicken fat, to say nothing when one of their boy friends begins to tell "a most heart-rendering tale?"

Close listening can be a source of public embarrassment. I stand with the others, but I alone appear to be smothering giggles against my chest as the chairwoman for the PTA banquet asks us to please bow our heads for the invocation and begins, "Internal Lord. . . ." And how have I advanced my career if I startle my department head with a snort when he observes, gravely, "You know our people, Christ. They move as slow as a glazier." Or by smiling when a solemn colleague at a planning session suggests a seminar that will run "the whole gambit of consumer interests?" Or by laughing aloud when another heatedly defends the right of all "free-loving Americans" to say what they think?

I am certainly a risky person to put on a public platform, particularly beside the chairman who told a convention audience one afternoon, "Congressman Carl Perkins is listed on our program, but urgent business on Capitol Hill made it possible for him not to be with us today." I add little to such occasions by sitting there with my mouth collapsed in my hand.

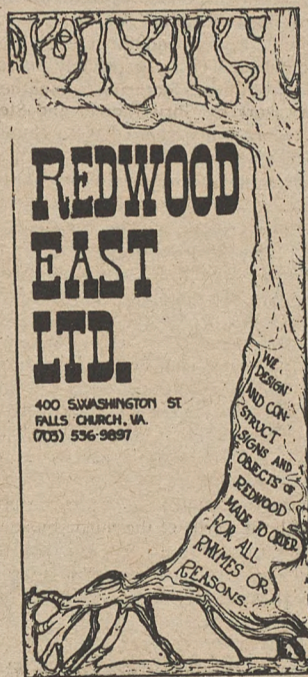
If this affliction keeps me bemused and angers others, still it has a useful side. On a vacation trip to Israel a few summers ago, I went through a typical spasm when the guide said of the huge clusters we were eating that we

were enjoying "grapes of a nervous size." But when, in exasperation at our inability to understand him, he repeated over and over that the Arabs in Safed keep warm in winter by burning "chuckles, chuckles, you know, chuckles!" I alone, among 30 tourists, was able to ease the moment by exclaiming, "Oh, charcoals."

I have also preserved for posterity, and it is as precious as milk teeth or bronzed baby shoes, one daughter's six-year-old remark that she had seen a picture of a man and woman "stark nude" which does seem very nude to me. And by listening, I have been able to save for our family and offer, now, for general use, my son's coinage of a badly needed word: "Boily," for those things that are neither manly nor womanly nor even girlish.

Magoo ears? No. A persistent hum between them and in them, perhaps, the wax of smug superiority. But nothing more. I like to think my ears are tuned, like a dog's, to some pitch above the normal. But having said that, I sometimes wonder if it's worth listening at all. Believe me, there are things I don't want to hear. Times when I wish that steamy hum were a road, drowning out the evening news or another pious speech on war or peace or candor, delivered from on high by our highest politician. (Unction for the anxious.) The drums are beating in my ears.

Obscenities! Obscenities!
Being deaf's a barbiturate.



You probably never heard of us!

We are probably the smallest mail order house of fine quality photo equipment in the World!

AARDVARK
PHOTO-WHOLESALE
P.O. BOX 6077
ARLINGTON, VA 22206

Write for super discount prices on Omega, Pentax, Beseler, Konica and many, many more.

ANTIQUES & COLLECTABLES

DEALERS WANTED

30,000 Square Feet in Georgetown

First Annual Antique & Collectables Show-Sale

February 28 • March 1, 2, 3

SPACE STILL AVAILABLE

3401 K Street, N.W.
on C&O Canal, under Key Bridge

Mr. Bach — 337-3620

"THE LAST DETAIL

is a gem of a film

...it should earn

Jack Nicholson

his third

Oscar nomination."

—JUDITH CRIST, New York Magazine



A B-P Associates Feature
COLUMBIA PICTURES/A DIVISION OF COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES, INC.

R RESTRICTED
Under 17 Requires Accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian

NOW SHOWING

ANNANDALE
Annandale, Va.

ROCKVILLE MALL TWIN 1
Rockville, Md.

KEY
Washington, D.C.

ROTH'S SILVER SPRING EAST
Silver Spring, Md.

for people
who walk on
this earth...

If you've walked barefoot on sand or soil you know how great it is. Your heels sink low and your feet embrace the earth. Then you put on your shoes, return to the city, and become another concrete fighter... but the concrete always wins. You

yearn for the earth that lies buried beneath the city.

The Earth Shoe is the first shoe in history with the heel lower than the sole... this helps return you to nature though you are forced to live in a cement-coated world. The Earth Shoe's patented design gently guides you to a more erect and graceful walk, and reduces fatigue and the aches and

pains caused by our hard-surfaced city.

For men and women in shoes, sandals and sabots. From \$23.50 to \$40. Brochure available.

Earth Shoe

Mon-Sat 11-6
Thurs 11-7

Mail Orders Avail.:
1658 33rd St., N.W.
Between Q & R Sts.
(Wisconsin at 33rd)
G'town, D.C. 20007
(202) 337-4044



U.S. Patent No. 3305947

EASTERN MARKET POTTERY



• day & evening classes
in stoneware pottery
• clay • wheels • kilns

7th & C Street S.E. 544-6669

INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCES

Judith Willis
They join hands in a circle and, as the music begins, move together sensuously as if one person.

As the dancers move, the peasants sing, *Jovano, Jovanke/Rvojata majka mori...* Zagreb? Deprovnik? Lower Slobod-

via? No, it's Wheaton. Or G.W.U., or Georgetown U., or Arlington, or Silver Spring—or any one of several places where the growing number of folk dancers in the area congregate.

When I first came to Washington back in the mid-60's, I was already hooked on folk dancing, having been seduced by the music and movements at an early age in Princeton, N.J. (behind the graduate school). But it was several years before I located a dance here, because there simply weren't too many around at that time, and what was here was not publicized. Today, however, I imagine it would be hard for a newcomer not to find a dance—there's at least one every weeknight, and some scattered on the weekends, too—although they are still not very well publicized.

If you have never been to an International Folk Dance, let me first free your mind of at least a couple of fallacies.

First, I am not talking about square dancing, which is an American form derived mainly from English sets and contras—although some of the folk dance groups are known to do a square or Virginia reel now and then.

Second, these are not corny, old-timey dances, although some groups have been known to lapse into a Viennese Waltz or a folk dance joke known as the Salty Dog Rag, in weaker moments.

The folk dancing done in this area—and all around the country today, for that matter—is heavily Balkan. Most of the dances come from Yugoslavia, Greece, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Hungary. They are from Macedonia, an area which is partly in Greece, partly in Yugoslavia, and partly in Bulgaria; from Serbia and Croatia, now encompassed by Yugoslavia; from the several different sections and islands of Greece, and from Turkey, Armenia, the Ukraine, Israel, Russia, Poland, Syria—have I left anyone out?

These are gutsy dances—some sinuous, some strenuous, but all alive with their original earthiness. The Balkan, Greek, Israeli, and Arab dances are done in unpartnered lines or circles. Various handholds are used, differing usually with the region, nationality or sometimes the style of dance. Most of the Bulgarian dances, for example, employ a belt hold. So, if you decide to go to one of the dances mentioned below (and they are open to everyone), it would be a good idea to bring a belt (or strong rope) which you can tie or buckle loosely around your waist. (You can use the belt holding your pants up only if, after loosening it, you can jump up and down vigorously without your pants falling down.)

Several of the folk dance groups here have led and still lead Gypsy-like existences. The group now meeting at the Wheaton Recreation Center every Friday night (admission \$1.00), originally met years ago in Pearce Hall of the All Souls Unitarian Church in the District. Apparently, like everyone else, they moved to the suburbs in the late 60's, meeting at first at Woodside elementary School, and now, for the last couple of years, at the Wheaton Recreation Center on Georgia Avenue. With their median age appearing to be between 25 and 35, the group, led by Larry Weiner, includes many of the best dancers in the area. Often the Friday night sessions near—or surpass—stage performance level, and if you've never been to a folk dance before, although it may not be the best place to get your feet wet, it is the best place to get inspired by folk dancing at its best. This group also sponsors a Folk Dance camp in West Virginia on Memorial Day and Labor Day Week-ends which has become famous (or infamous) among area folk dancers.

If you have never danced before and would like to try it, there are two beginners' groups in D.C. led by Steve Sklarow, a real stickler for Balkan styling and an excellent and knowledgeable teacher. One group

Mondays

Bethesda-Chevy Chase Recreation Center, Intermediate and Advanced 8:30-10:45pm, 4506 Walsh, Chevy Chase, OL2-2249.

Tuesdays

Dawson Terrace Recreation Center, Beginning and Intermediate, 8:00-10:00pm, 2133 N. Taft, Arlington, 558-2270 (Not held on 1st Tuesday of each month.)

Nolte Recreation Center, Advanced Balkan, 8:30-10:45pm, 200 Denver Avenue, Silver Spring, 530-5200.

Wednesdays

G.W.U. Marvin Center Ballroom, Beginning, 8:00-11:00pm. 676-7410

Longbranch Recreation Center, Beginning, 8:30-10:45pm. 8700 Piney Branch Rd., Silver Spring, 445-1092

Thursdays

Georgetown University, Hall of Nations, Beginning, 8:30-1:00pm, 625-4866.

Chevy Chase Community Center, Beginning and Intermediate, 8:30-11:00pm, 5601 Connecticut Ave., N.W., 363-2440.

Thursdays

Fridays

Wheaton Recreation Center, Intermediate and Advanced, 8:30-10:45pm, 1171 Georgia Ave., Wheaton, 949-5690.

Guy Mason Center, Beginning and Intermediate, 8:30-11:00pm, 3600 Calvert St., N.W., 629-2525.

meets at George Washington University's Marvin Center Ballroom on Wednesdays from 8 to 11 pm. Admission is 50 cents for G.W.U. students, 75 cents for everyone else. The second, newer group meets at Georgetown University's Hall of Nations on Thursday nights from 8:30 to 11 pm. Georgetown students are admitted free, with everyone else paying 75 cents.

The G.W. group, again, enjoys a Gypsy-like existence, meeting most of the time in the Ballroom, but sometimes, because of intercession or other events, in Building J (2131 G street - rear) or the Men's Gym (2010 -12 H Street). This semester dancing will be in Building J on February 27, and in the Men's Gym on March 13, April 24, and all of May. This group also has Saturday night parties scheduled for February 23 (Ballroom), March 30 (Ballroom), April 27 (Ballroom), and May 25 (Men's Gym). The parties begin at 8:30 pm and last until—everyone is exhausted. Admission is 75 cents for G.W. students, 75 cents for everyone else, but this price is reduced if you bring some refreshments.

If you want to dance in Arlington, you might try the Tuesday night group on the beginning and intermediate levels at Dawson Terrace Recreation Center let by Sarah and Sam Stuhlberg. This group is smaller and the median age is somewhat older than the three groups discussed so far. The Arlington group has a cozy, neighborhood-type atmosphere, with punch and munchies served halfway through the evening. From time to time, they also have parties with a buffet with one or another type of ethnic food. This group does more of the couple dances from a variety of countries which the

younger groups have eliminated in favor of the Balkans. Admission here is 50 cents, and—again the Gypsy element—the group does NOT meet on the first Tuesday of the month.

If you're going to start dancing in Montgomery County, there is a beginners' group with heavy Balkan emphasis meeting Wednesday night, 8:30 to 10:45 at the Longbranch Recreation Center, led by Larry Weiner. Also in Montgomery County, a more advanced group meets Monday nights from 8:30 to 10:45 at the Bethesda-Chevy Chase Recreation Center, led by Mel Diamond.

The most advanced group in terms of Balkan techniques and styling meets Tuesday nights at the Nolte Recreation Center in Silver Spring. Led by Steve Sklarow, this group is definitely not for beginners. Previously, it was a closed, performance-oriented group, but it has recently opened up and is welcoming those who consider themselves to be on an upper-intermediate or advanced level (you know who you are).

If you are over 40 and don't want to mix with the younger folk, of if you can't make one of the other dances, you may want to try one of the two groups whose median age is pushing 50. One of these groups meets at the Guy Mason Center Friday nights from 8:30 to 11 pm. The other meets at Chevy Chase Community Center on Thursday nights from 8:30 to 11 pm. Teaching at all of the groups is done during the first half of the evening, with requests during the second half. The parties are generally all requests. It's good for your body, your mind and your soul, and it never costs more than \$1.00.

Hupa!

Do You Study in Your Underwear?

In a recent survey by our delivery service we found that a majority of today's college students study in their underwear! Which brings us to what we're all about.

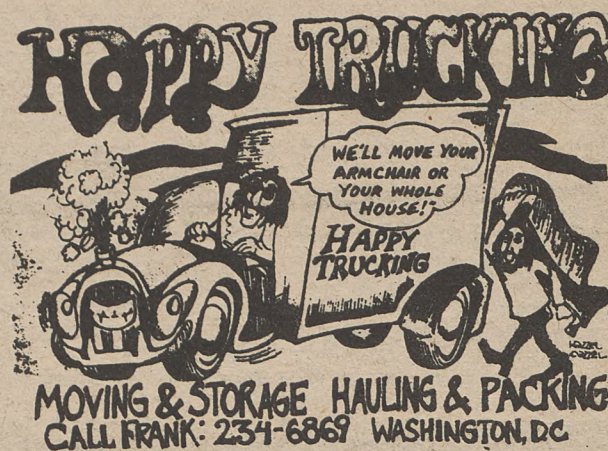
Why put on your pants during Psycholinguistics—why put on your skirt during paramedical psychology—why get dressed while studying for your Music Appreciation exam just to get something to eat...

Let us dress a sandwich for you Tonight!

We deliver 5:30-2:00 a.m.
-3:00 a.m. Fri. & Sat.

Blimpie

965-4350



MOVING & STORAGE HAULING & PACKING
CALL FRANK: 234-6867 WASHINGTON, DC

The Antioch Graduate School of Education
Harrisville, New Hampshire

Is now accepting applications for the academic year beginning July 1974 for the following degree programs at the Master's level: Elementary Education, Secondary School Education, Guidance and Counseling, Supervision and Administration, and Environmental Science.

An important part of the Antioch program is the degree-related work experience. There are placements available in the following areas: Follow-Through programs, Montessori schools, Mental Health Clinics, Rehabilitation Centers, Correction Centers, College Dorm Counselors, alternative schools, Audubon Societies, Regional Planning Councils, and several social service agencies.

Interviews will be held at the Antioch School of Law 2633 16th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. from February 21st at 3:00 pm through February 23rd. To arrange for an appointment

call: or write:
Antioch Graduate School of Education
(603) 827-3070 Admissions Office
P.O. Box 128
Harrisville, New Hampshire 03450

NEW DIMENSIONS



A curious bookstore,
for curious people.

1137 N. Highland St.
Arlington, Va. 22201
Phone: 528-1263

a women's news journal



get in touch!

off our backs Box B
1724 20th st. n.w.
Washington d.c. 20009

subscribe

name _____

address _____

zip _____

\$6 one year sub \$7 canada
35¢ sample copy \$13 overseas
\$15 businesses and institutions



GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY
Student Entertainment Commission

McDONOUGH ARENA

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23

SPIRIT

BILL HOLLAND & RENT'S DUE

8:00 PM

TICKETS \$3.50

GASTON HALL

SUNDAY, MARCH 3

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Special Guest Stars

ORLEANS

7:30 & 10:30 PM • RESERVED TICKETS \$4.50

**GEORGE WASHINGTON U., CATHOLIC U.,
& GEORGETOWN U.**

Present At

G.W. LISNER AUDITORIUM

TUESDAY, MARCH 5

BY POPULAR DEMAND

JACKSON BROWNE

& LINDA RONSTADT

7:30 & 10:30 PM • RESERVED TICKETS \$5.50

PRODUCTION BY NEW ERA FOLLIES

TICKETS: Spirit at Door only. Others go on sale Mon., Feb. 25 at TICKETRON • WHFS Ticket Centers • Orpheus Records, G'town • Discount Records, Conn. Av. • Sixth Sense, College Park • G.U. Student Activities Office. Browne & Ronstadt tickets also at Marvin Center, G.W.U. & Cardinal Center, C.U. Info: 965-9650

etcetera

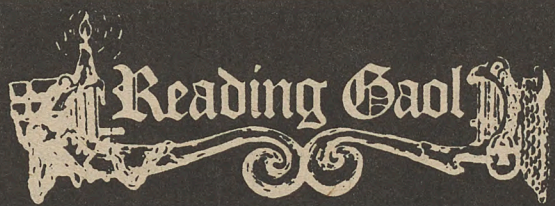
Feb. 20-24 **RAMSEY LEWIS**

Feb. 26-
Mar. 3 **MILES DAVIS**

Mar. 11-17 **ERIC WEISBERG
& DELIVERANCE**

Reservations
466-8822

1825 M Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.



ENTERTAINMENT

WED.-SAT.

THE NIGHTHAWKS

MON.-TUES.

STEWART HARRIS

2125 O St. N.W., 833-3882

***** the *****

SOFT's

are coming to the ★ last colony ★

BRUBECK continued from Page 1

keep on studying. My kids know a lot more than I do. Darius graduated from Wesleyan in History of Theology. He knows much more than I do but that doesn't mean I can't feel what's going on, because I've read a lot. It's not a formal education.

I'm talking about a life experience and really thinking. There are so many great things that we have to think about that are not complicated. Like, if you understand Christ, he never talked about a great intellect. . . He used simple stories. This is the thing I'm talking about. I'm not talking about sophisticated education. Bud-dah said that the crowning enlightenment is to love your enemies and 600 years later Christ came along and said the same thing. The truth is never complex. This is why I'm saying we're not being educated. Anything that's important is slipping right over us.

If someone wanted to educate himself in jazz, what would you tell him to listen to?

Start with Jelly Roll Morton. People ask me why do I incorporate European with my music. They don't know anything about jazz. It was incorporated right from the beginning. Jelly Roll Morton said right here in Washington, at the Library of Congress, "the greatness of jazz is that there's so much of classical and African music together." This is the greatness of jazz, the merger of people and the melting pot of ideas. It's the most universal music. I'd tell them to look to Scott Joplin, the great rag writer. They just discovered an opera [Tree-monisha]. They shouldn't have just discovered it. He only wrote one and it was a failure. It was performed once in Harlem. He couldn't get anyone interested. But right from the beginning guys were interested, not just in performing jazz, but in setting it down on paper. Another one of the greatest American composers was a guy named Gotchock. He was Creole.

We're going to discover more and more about how jazz was really right to the roots of our culture. And every Broadway Musical has its roots in the Minstrel Shows and yet they call it an American art form. You'll see this more and more as more enlightened textbooks are written.

So where do you look? To the past? At where you're going?

The jazz musicians are going to lead the country and the pop people are going to pick it all up and use it. They're going to make a lot more money than we are. There wouldn't have been any rock music if it hadn't been for the Blues. Everybody knows that. As the jazz music progresses, there are all these people drawing on it, like the Broadway Shows. We're always the spearhead.

Now this is a little heavy, but my teacher, Darius Milhaud, is 82 and living in France. He said that jazz saved European art. It was so sophisticated. It had no audience. All the arts were freed when Europeans saw jazz musicians in Paris, a new freedom emerged. Stravinsky, and many others, all started using jazz. The Third Piano Concerto is just being performed in Toronto, and we were laughing about it because it was taken right out of Fats Waller. You see, we're very important.

How does the idea of simplicity tie in with the classics?

When the intellectuals go in one direction without taking into consideration the feelings of the public. For example, Bach always used the familiar. Take "Oh Sacred Heart Now Wounded," the original words are "My love is gone and left me, and I am all alone. I cry into my beer stein, etc. . . ." Everyone in the congregation would know this song. Bach used the melody of the drinking song. He reharmonized it and gave something the public could hold on to. This is the importance of jazz. We take something the public can hold on to and develop it.

So a musician has an obligation to do something for his audiences?

Every composer, every artist must do this. When it's at its height, there's a

great closeness between the composer and his audience. When you get to over-intellectualizing, you lose a lot. When there was no media, or records, there would be a great opera and the next morning everyone was singing it on the streets. They were damned interested. Today, we're not damned interested. With all our media, we're nothing. . .

Maybe we've been over-exposed. . .

Maybe we've been under-exposed. . .

Well, glutted with entertainment?

Yeah, there's a way of having our so-called communication, but if you communicate crap, what good is it? I'm just trying to say that the media can educate and elevate and we're not doing it. Certain stations, with certain D.J.'s are doing it.

Like Felix Grant on WMAL?

Yeah, like Felix Grant. And God bless all these people. And there're a lot of teachers. My teacher, he told me, "You are the sum of all your past." When I left him, he gave me a book list of 60 books and I read them in the Army, starting with the Bible. It took me more than two years, but I did it. And this is what I mean about getting an education. It's not formal, but it's so, so vital.

APPEARING

**BILL HOLLAND
& RENT'S DUE**

Monday, February 18 &
Tuesday, February 19

DONAL LEACE

Wednesday, February 20—
Saturday, February 23

**BILL HOLLAND
& RENT'S DUE**

Monday, February 25 &
Tuesday, February 26

EVERNOW

Wednesday, February 27—
Saturday, March 2

FLIP & FRIENDS

Monday, March 4 &
Tuesday, March 5

DONAL LEACE

Wednesday, March 6—
Saturday, March 9

FLIP & FRIENDS

Monday, March 11 &
Tuesday, March 12

DONAL LEACE

Wednesday, March 13—
Saturday, March 16

GRITS

Monday, March 18 &
Tuesday, March 19

JOHN WELLS

Wednesday, March 20—
Saturday, March 23

DELEGATION

GRITS

Monday, March 25—
Tuesday, March 26

JOHN WELLS

Wednesday, March 27—
Saturday, March 30

DELEGATION

T.B.A.

Monday, April 1 &
Tuesday, April 2

JOHN WELLS

Wednesday, April 3—
Saturday, April 6

DELEGATION

corsican

1716 I ST. N.W.
RES. 298-8488
AMPLE PARKING

Live Entertainment
9p.m.-2a.m.

Feb. 19 Liz Meyer
20 Babe
21-24 Liz Meyer
25 Bobby Radcliffe
26 Liz Meyer
27-30 Breakfast Special

1610 20th St., N.W.,
at Conn. Ave.

The
Childe
Harold

*For Information, please call

483-6702

Woodwind

WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FREE

HAPPY 4th BIRTHDAY
TO WOODWIND!!

